

Newport Mercury

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume XCII.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1953.

Number 4,802.

POETRY.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

What is it you ask me, darling?
All my stories, child, you know;
I have no strange dreams to tell you,
Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel?
Nay, my child, that cannot be,
I have seen no foreign countries,
Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I witness,
And I gaze until I tire;
Wonderous pictures, changing ever,
As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern,
Black as pitch; within it lay
Colored in many folds a dragon,
Gleaming as if turned at bay.

And a knight in dismal armor
On a winged eagle came,
To do battle with this dragon;
His towering crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded,
And, instead, I saw a crown,
By a lake of burning fire;
Spirits dark were crouching round.

That was gone, and I, before me,
A cathedral vast and grim;
I could almost hear the organ
Roll along the arched dim.

As I watched the wreathed pillars,
A thick group of palms arose,
And a group of swart Indians
Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay; a catanet glancing brightly,
Dashed and sparkled; and beside
Lay a broken marble mummy,
Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden weeping
Starry fountains in garlanded hair,
Did she see the fiery serpent
That was writhing about her feet.

That fell crashing all and vanished;
And I saw two armies clash,
I could almost hear the clashing
And the shouting of the fight.

They were gone; and I, last night,
On a barren mountain wild,
Raised appalling arms to heaven,
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly
Gathered in my eyes and tears,
And the fiery pictures rose
Back through distant dreams of years.

Once again I looked sorrow,
With past joy was once more gay,
Till the shade had gathered round me
And the fire had died away.

AGRICULTURE.

GUANO AND DAISES.—That dreadful pest of New England farmers, the white daisy, may be exterminated by guano. If it is in hand that can be ploughed, break it up and sow 250 pounds of guano per acre with oats or wheat and clover. If it is in pasture, sow the guano with half a bushel of plaster to each hundred pounds of guano, and the daises will disappear.

CORN MEAL.—Indian corn ground with the cobs makes a most excellent feed. All animals fed with it seem to keep in good health and thrive more than when fed with clear grain. The reason of this is, the cobs serve to distend the stomach, and assist the digestion of the corn. Cutting hay and straw, and grinding cobs, are among the improvements of the day which farmers may adopt with profit.

SALTING BUTTER.—Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar and one of saltpetre. Take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well in the mass, and close it for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of rich, fat, marrowy consistence, and a fine color, acquires a brittle hardness and does not taste salty.

GOOD CEMENT.—Take some common lime and mix it with a quantity of tar—just enough to make a tough dough. Use it quickly, because it becomes hard in a few moments, and will never soak or crumble. This is a first-rate cement for the purpose of making swine-troughs, feed-boxes, ear-troughs and many other things.

PRESERVING GRAFTS IN HONEY.—The best mode of conveying grafts of trees, cutting of vines, etc., to a distance, is to place them in a tin or cylinder filled with honey. The honey hermetically excludes the air and cuttings so preserved will vegetate months after they have been packed.

BONE WENS.—The New England Farmer says: Take equal parts of indigo dissolved in wine, and soft soap, apply it quite warm, with a swab, twice or three times a day. This I have tried on a calf six months old, and on a two year old, and effected a cure.

FATTENING SHEEP.—Sheep should never be fattened in winter. It is bad economy to pasture sheep until cold weather, and then commence feeding grain. Give the grain with the grass in warm weather, and one bushel will go further than three afterwards. Get your mutton fat in summer, and can easily keep it so till wanted by the butcher.

As a protection against wind for trees newly set, many prefer raising earth round the trunk to the height of a foot or eighteen inches, according to the height of tree. This is a protection also against mice. When the tree has got fairly to growing, the earth is removed to a proper level.

SALVOOED TALE.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

BY MISS A. A. GODDARD.

ONE bright summer's eve, as Dame Goodman sat at her humble cottage door, enjoying the cool atmosphere, and dreaming of the "fatherland" and earlier times, little Sue, her grandchild, came running toward her from a clump of trees just beyond the cleared ground in the centre of which stood the cabin, with a face pale with fright, and so utterly exhausted that she could barely exclaim, "Willie! The Indians!"

Being accustomed to the occasional visits of friendly Indians, Dame Goodman gave no further heed to the child than to seek to pacify her; readily supposing that some friendly Indian was coming to the house with Willie, and that little Sue, having heard some terrible story of Indian cruelty, was unnecessarily alarmed at his approach.

Willie's protracted absence, however, induced her to question the child—and to her horror she learned that a company of some eight or ten Indians had passed by, beyond the clump of trees, and had taken Willie with them. To add to the terror of Dame Goodman, a company of neighbors soon came up and inquired whether the red-skins had passed that way. They had been down the river, they said, and had burned Donnet's house and brutally murdered the old man and his wife.

Judge if you can, of the anguish of the aged grandmother—the distress of the parents—and the bitter agony of little Sue—as this family stood together, with the awful fact breaking upon them that Willie, their darling, their pet, was the captive of a roving band of Indian murderers! To arm himself, and join the party already in waiting, in the pursuit, was instantly determined by the father.

With "Save my darling," "Bring me my child," and "Fetch brother home," ringing in his ears, Mr. Goodman dashed into the woods in pursuit of his child. That calm summer eve brought no more dreams of the fatherland to that distressed household; and, as hours after passed by, the wretched mother would go out into the clear starlight and call, in tones of anguish, for "Willie" her "darling Willie." The same old stars that twinkled unimpaired of crime in days long gone, twinkled unimpaired still of the wretched woman who strode back and forth to the forest in their clear light. And the bright moon—sweet, pale-faced Luna—she, too, shone clear and bright, but oh! so cold—cold to that mother's heart, as she looked up to Heaven in her later agony.

Thus hour after hour sped on. The gray twilight came, but the father and the "darling Willie," came not yet. The sun climbed up and reached high noon, and yet they tarried. "My God!" shrieked that distracted mother, "can the human spirit suffer more?" And yet she struggled on, and wept on, and prayed on, and paced back and forth far as she dared go from her cottage home. Just as the sun was lost behind the western hills, she heard the glad tramp of many feet. "Then Willie's found!" she exclaimed, for she never dreamed they would return without him.

But no; as she ran to meet them, she learned in their dejected faces that they were unsuccessful. Their efforts had been vain—they had lost the trail—and had returned, satisfied that further pursuit would be useless. Another long night of wretchedness did they spend in that lonely cabin. But, thank God! though "sorrow endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning." With the morning light came a friendly Indian, leading Willie by the hand to his father's house. Little Sue, sympathizing in the general grief, had climbed to the window, and with apron to her face was wiping away the big tears, that she might see brother Willie. Never were human hearts so electrified as were the hearts of this family, when Sue called out—"O mother, mother! here comes Willie." While the mother overwhelmed the child with caresses, the aged grandmother was lavishing her thanks upon the Indian, who, with folded arms, stood silently gazing upon the now happy household.

When the first gush of feeling was over, and Mrs. Goodman had recovered herself, she turned to their Indian benefactor and thanked him over and over again for his generous kindness. Upon enquiry, it was ascertained that but a few weeks previous to Willie's abduction, this same Indian, faint and worn from travel and hunger, had passed through the woods where Willie and his sister were at play. Observing the Indian's fatigue, Willie ran to the house, begged a piece of bread and a bowl of milk, and taking them to the Indian, had begged him to eat. In the generosity of this little fellow he had taken off his shoes and offered them to the nearly barefooted Indian. And this little kindness of the lad had saved him from captivity, if not from a horrible death. This Indian, meeting the party that had captured Willie, hung on their rear, and when they were asleep, had taken the lad and escorted him to the house of his distracted mother. Who will henceforth say that the cup of cold water is disregarded, or that gratitude dwells not in the bosom of an Indian?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Musical Review.

Julien and the Yorkshireman.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert Giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the store doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Cramer, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, man," said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Julien's last polka, "con ye tell me if Measther Julien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple, (for he was the one addressed) and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that particular ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and warmth of the sun.

"Will'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not, not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk about 'em goin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough looking customer to seek the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to gawer 'em," was the reply.

"Like to go to America with him? Pray what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw wood do 'em a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull as to looks, that's nowhere here nor there, but aw blaw 't ophielaide sum— they say at whom, better than any man in 't county."

"Ah indeed. What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coal mine."

"Yes; well how much do you earn a week?"

"About sixteen shillins." And then, too aw belong to a brass band, and we mak summit by gien yan or two concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Julien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services," and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps you might jas' loike to hear me play a bit. Gin ye'll gime an instrument, aw'll show ye what aw can do."

The request was so good naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse, so he led him up stairs and gave him an old ophielaide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang aw' wi' yer owd brass! Coon, mun, g'ie a goodun."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his high hands, that were hardened, cracked and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophielaide.

The Yorkshireman glanced it once through and astonished his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy, clapping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple. "Monsieur Julien must hear you. Call to-morrow morn, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw did at play on, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room; and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day at the appointed hour, Julien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophielaide, was in that same upper room. Julien, after hearing him play,

was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen different languages.

"Bravo," he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! C'es extraordinary. Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him at once, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go for one-quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Julien, "never mind that, hire him, and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it."

On the northeast side of the orchestra, gentle reader away back upon the highest platform, you will see, if you attend Julien's concert at Castle Garden, this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue; and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophielaide.

Miners Ten Commandments.
A man spoke these words and said:—I am a miner, who wandered "from away down east," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "see the elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness, that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a claphoard shanty; then with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-cake soaked upon a shingle, as though he would say read, and I read:

THE MINERS TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.—Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man, by jumping one; whatever thou findest on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice underneath the rock—for I am a jealous dog, and will visit the miners round with my presence, to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt have to take thy pick, and thy pan, thy shovel and thy blankets, with all thou hast, and go "prospecting," both north and south, to seek good diggings; and thou shalt find none.

III.—Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Thou shalt not take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming-table in vain; for monte, twenty one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee, that the more thou puttest down, the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless but insane.

IV.—Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under; but the other day is Sunday, when thou shalt wash all thy dirty shirts, darn all thy stockings, up all thy boots, mend all thy clothing, chop thy whole week's firewood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long tour, weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workst hard on Sunday also, thou canst do, in six months; and thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friend, and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience be none the better for it; but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy worn out body to thy mother's fireside, and thou strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the sailors, Jews, and buccanniers defy God and civilization, by keeping not the Sabbath day, and wish not for a day of rest, such as memory, youth and home made hallowed.

V.—Think more of all thy gold and how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou wilt enjoy it, after thou hast ridden, rough-shod, over thy good old parents' precepts and examples, that thou mayest have something to reproach and sting thee, when thou art left alone in the land where thy father's blessings and thy mother's love hath sent thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not grow discouraged, and think of going home before thou hast made thy "pile," because thou hast not "struck a lead," nor found a "rich crevice," nor sunk a hole upon a "pocket," lest in going home, thou shalt leave \$4 a day, and go to work, ashamed, at 50 cents, and serve thee right; for here, by staying, thou mightest strike a lead and fifty dollars a day, and thy manly self-respect, and then go home with enough to make thyself and others happy.

VII.—Thou shalt not pick out special favors from the company men and put them in thy mouth or in thy purse. Neither shalt thou take from thy cabin-mate his gold dust to add to thine, lest he find thee out, and straightway call his fellow-miners together, and they hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, and two hours to leave the country, or brand thee like a horse thief with R upon thy cheek, to be "known and read of all men"—California in particular. And if thou steal a shovel, or a pick, or a pan, from thy toiling fellow-miner hanging will be too good for thee, and thou ask to be kicked and cow-hided for thy pains; and forever hang down thy head.

IX.—Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "gold diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools, and blankets he cannot sell—lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with aught save his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's gold nor his claim, nor undermine his bank in following a lead, nor move his stake, nor wash the tailings from his sluice's mouth, nor throw up dirt upon his bank. And if thy neighbor have his family here, and thou love and covet his daughter's hand in marriage, thou shalt lose no time in seeking her affection; and when thou hast obtained it thou shalt "pop the question" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art, should step in before thee, and thou covet her in vain; and in the anguish of disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great and say, "Let her rip!" and thy future life be that of a poor, lonely, despaired and comfortless bachelor. The end.

A LITTLE ONE THROWN IN.—Thou shalt not dig up a public road, unless thou canst afford to fix it again as good as before, otherwise thou injurest the teamster to benefit thyself, and he curse thee every time he passeth. Amen.

Duration of Human Life.
From the advance sheets of "The Art of Prolonging Life"—in press by Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

It is commonly believed that, during the early periods of the world, the lives of its inhabitants were more youthful and perfect; that these primitive men had a gigantic size, incredible strength, and a most astonishing duration of life. A variety of such notions were long prevalent among mankind; and to those we are indebted for the origin of many romantic tales. Some have not hesitated seriously to ascribe to our forefather Adam, the height of nine hundred yards, and the age of almost a thousand years. But the accurate and rational investigation of modern philosophy has converted the supposed bones of giants, found in different parts of the earth, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and acute theologians have shown the chronology of the early ages was not the same as that used at present.

Some, particularly Hensler, have proved, with the highest probability, that the year till the time of Abraham consisted only of three months; that it was afterwards extended to eight; and that it was not till the time of Joseph that it was made to consist of twelve. These assertions are, in a certain degree, confirmed by some of the eastern nations, who still reckon only three months to the year; and besides, it would be altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened one half immediately after the flood. It would be equally inexplicable why the patriarchs did not marry till their sixtieth, and even hundredth year; but this difficulty vanishes when we reckon these ages according to the before-mentioned standard, which will give the twentieth or thirtieth year; and, consequently, the same period at which people marry at present.

The whole, therefore, according to this explanation, assumes a different appearance. The sixteen hundred years before the flood will become four hundred and fourteen; and the nine hundred years (the highest recorded) which Methuselah lived, will be reduced to two hundred—an age which is not impossible, and to which some men in modern times have nearly approached.

In profane history, we have an account of many heroes and Arcadian kings of those periods who attained to the age of several hundred years; but these pretended instances of longevity can be explained in the same manner.

With the period of Abraham, a period when history seems first to be established on more certain grounds, we find mention of a duration of life which can be still attained, and which no longer appears extraordinary, especially when we consider the temperate manner in which the patriarchs lived; and that, as they were nomads, or a wandering people, they were much exposed to the free open air.

To Cure Poverty.
Sit down and grovel about it. By so doing you will be sure to get rich and to make yourself particularly agreeable to everybody.

Proverbs.
He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.—Egeria.

gold dust to add to thine, lest he find thee out, and straightway call his fellow-miners together, and they hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, and two hours to leave the country, or brand thee like a horse thief with R upon thy cheek, to be "known and read of all men"—California in particular. And if thou steal a shovel, or a pick, or a pan, from thy toiling fellow-miner hanging will be too good for thee, and thou ask to be kicked and cow-hided for thy pains; and forever hang down thy head.

IX.—Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "gold diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools, and blankets he cannot sell—lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with aught save his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's gold nor his claim, nor undermine his bank in following a lead, nor move his stake, nor wash the tailings from his sluice's mouth, nor throw up dirt upon his bank. And if thy neighbor have his family here, and thou love and covet his daughter's hand in marriage, thou shalt lose no time in seeking her affection; and when thou hast obtained it thou shalt "pop the question" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art, should step in before thee, and thou covet her in vain; and in the anguish of disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great and say, "Let her rip!" and thy future life be that of a poor, lonely, despaired and comfortless bachelor. The end.

A LITTLE ONE THROWN IN.—Thou shalt not dig up a public road, unless thou canst afford to fix it again as good as before, otherwise thou injurest the teamster to benefit thyself, and he curse thee every time he passeth. Amen.

Duration of Human Life.
From the advance sheets of "The Art of Prolonging Life"—in press by Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

It is commonly believed that, during the early periods of the world, the lives of its inhabitants were more youthful and perfect; that these primitive men had a gigantic size, incredible strength, and a most astonishing duration of life. A variety of such notions were long prevalent among mankind; and to those we are indebted for the origin of many romantic tales. Some have not hesitated seriously to ascribe to our forefather Adam, the height of nine hundred yards, and the age of almost a thousand years. But the accurate and rational investigation of modern philosophy has converted the supposed bones of giants, found in different parts of the earth, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and acute theologians have shown the chronology of the early ages was not the same as that used at present.

Some, particularly Hensler, have proved, with the highest probability, that the year till the time of Abraham consisted only of three months; that it was afterwards extended to eight; and that it was not till the time of Joseph that it was made to consist of twelve. These assertions are, in a certain degree, confirmed by some of the eastern nations, who still reckon only three months to the year; and besides, it would be altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened one half immediately after the flood. It would be equally inexplicable why the patriarchs did not marry till their sixtieth, and even hundredth year; but this difficulty vanishes when we reckon these ages according to the before-mentioned standard, which will give the twentieth or thirtieth year; and, consequently, the same period at which people marry at present.

The whole, therefore, according to this explanation, assumes a different appearance. The sixteen hundred years before the flood will become four hundred and fourteen; and the nine hundred years (the highest recorded) which Methuselah lived, will be reduced to two hundred—an age which is not impossible, and to which some men in modern times have nearly approached.

In profane history, we have an account of many heroes and Arcadian kings of those periods who attained to the age of several hundred years; but these pretended instances of longevity can be explained in the same manner.

With the period of Abraham, a period when history seems first to be established on more certain grounds, we find mention of a duration of life which can be still attained, and which no longer appears extraordinary, especially when we consider the temperate manner in which the patriarchs lived; and that, as they were nomads, or a wandering people, they were much exposed to the free open air.

To Cure Poverty.
Sit down and grovel about it. By so doing you will be sure to get rich and to make yourself particularly agreeable to everybody.

Proverbs.
He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.—Egeria.

The following incident is from Dr. Wayland's Memoirs of the missionary Judson, published a few days since. It occurred during the period of Mr. Judson's cruel persecution by the Burman authorities.

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the loathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever, which threatened to destroy his life. His guardian angel was, as ever, on the alert; but it was in vain that she entreated permission to rebuild his room in the prison yard. About this time the poor sufferers were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Something like a year previous to the commencement of the war, the king had received from some foreigner the present of a lion. The noble beast had been a particular favorite with him, and an object of great interest at court. But it was now whispered about, and with a mysterious meaning in the whispers, that the English bore a lion upon their standard.

The disgraceful defeat of Baidoola, his alarming final fall, and the utter inefficiency of the hardest Burman troops before these charmed warriors, were matters of grave conference, and strange glances were cast towards the king's noble pet; but for a time no one dared to speak. The matter was first broached by the queen's brother, an ignorant, brutal fellow, who owed his elevation from the lot of a common fishmonger, entirely to his clever, intriguing sister's power over the king. He was positive that the English had a demoniac ally in the palace, in the shape of this regal-looking beast, which had entirely won the heart of the king. The pakee-woon, a man of more sense, but, like all Burmans, superstitious, seconded his opinions; and other counsellors, now that they dared speak, came in with floods of argument and testimony. The king repelled the idea of any connection between his favorite and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animal's being sent to the death prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keepers not to furnish the animal with food, and so merciless was the well known to be, in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king.

The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded, as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison yard, close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners had seen men starved, and beaten, and smothered, and strangled to death, then dragged by the feet from the door, and thrust, like dogs, into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour; and they thought they had gained a fearful familiarity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starved lion. Day after day the noble beast writhed in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roarings seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants.

The jailor said it was the British lion ineffectually struggling against the conquering Burmans, though even his facetious features were somewhat elongated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate woman would steal, to the cage after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and served only to increase his ravings. At other times one of the keepers would throw pails of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over. The skeleton of the poor beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

The next time Mrs. Judson came to the prison door, and her husband crawled to meet her—crawled with the upper part of his body, having his feet still attached to moveless bamboo—he had a new plan to broach. He told her of the empty lion's cage—what a comfortable retreat while the fever lasted—and begged her intercession with the governor: for he had treated the comic jailor in vain—the "cat" refused to listen for a moment to such an insult to royalty. Mrs. Judson's application was successful; and with feelings of deep gratitude to God for such a mercy, the sick man was removed from his loathsome quarters to the better accommodations of the lion's cage.

Opinion.
How my neighbor thinks, is scarcely of so much importance to me as how he feels. That he is a heretic, may be a very bad thing, but that is not properly a concern of mine, so long as his faith never affects his conduct. I see no heresy in the bunch of flowers that he so frequently sends for my solace; and the green peas from his garden sit among the last of the season.

Proverb.
He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.—Egeria.

Affection is but a first fruit of beauty's fall.

Cruelty of the Law.
In the year 18—, I was returning from the city of L—, in New England. I put up at a hotel, and for a time took my seat in the bar-room. The door opened suddenly, and a female stepped in. She was the very picture of agony—her hair dishevelled, her dress negligent, her eye distended, and her movements eccentric. She seemed to hesitate at first, but at length, gathering courage, she moved up to the bar, and said:

"M—, don't sell my husband any more rum! You have already ruined us! You know that before he began to come to your bar he was a sober man. He was respected in society. He was as kind a husband as any woman ever had. We had a good home, a good farm, and every comfort. But you sold him liquor until he had no more money to pay. Unbeknown to me, you got a mortgage on his farm; you sold it, and turned me and my helpless children out of doors! My husband lost his health, his character, and his reputation. He became cross and abusive to me, whom he once tenderly loved. He turns me out of our wretched home into the cold and storm! He comes home from your tavern infuriated like a demon. My once kind and amiable husband, and the father, is a mad-man while in liquor. He beats me and my children cruelly, and threatens to murder us! Oh, don't give him any more liquor!" and the tears gushed from her eyes, while the landlord stood speechless.

In the midst of these entreaties, which should have broken a heart of adamant, a man stepped into the bar-room, and with the vacant stare of an inebriate, moved towards the bar. Instantly the pleading wife threw herself between the man and the bar, and, with one hand against his breast and the other stretched out imploringly towards the landlord, she said: "Oh, don't, my dear! don't drink! You'll break my heart!" And bursting with agony, she turned to the landlord, and said: "Oh! don't let him have it! don't drink!" And while this scene was passing, heart-rending beyond the power of description, the landlord walked deliberately out from behind the counter, and taking the woman rudely by the arm, said: "This is no place for women!" and violently tore her from her husband, and pushing her out, shut the door against her. He then went behind the counter, and placed a bottle of liquor upon it. The wretched inebriate staggered up and drank his dram, placed a piece of money upon the counter—the landlord wiped it off complacently into the drawer, and the drunkard passed out, maddened with the draught, to renew his brutal attacks upon his defenceless wife and children.

Nobody defends such barbarous cruelty as this. No one apologizes for it. All agree to pronounce the landlord a brute. But there was one fact deserving attention. For the sale of every glass of that ruinous liquor, which reduced an honest man, a good citizen, to the lowest degree of suffering and infamy, he can show a "license" from the officers of justice, under authority solemnly conveyed by grave Senators and Assemblies, signed by the governor, and bearing the seal of the State!

NEW GOODS.
 at received at 29 Broad st., by
CORNELL & DENNIS,
 which are offered at wholesale and retail, at the
 lowest prices.

Green Teas,	Hams,
Black Teas,	Lard,
Ward's Crush'd Sug.	Dried Beef
Powdered Sugar	Tongues,
Refined A B & C	Herrings,
ditto	Dairy Salt,
unated do.	Table Salt,
ana Brown do.	Cheese,
Java Coffee,	Butter,
Scrub do.	Hull's Soap,
Runing do.	Ward's do.
sted do.	Essex do.
do.	Catfish,

Orleans Molasses.
 Anna do,
 d Apples,
 nica,
 nants,
 on,
 d Green Ginger,
 nances,
 d Ground Spices,
 king Tobacco,
 wing Tobacco,
 ch Snuff,
 chesley Snuff,
 ish Mustard,
 per Sauce,
 atsups,
 e Oil,
 nium, Medium,
 mmon Flour,
 on Flour in 1-8, 1-4
 1-2 Bbls Bags,
 ewport, June 25.

Fancy do.
 Sperm candles,
 Adamantine Candles,
 starch,
 Macearoni,
 Tapioca,
 Vermicelli,
 Sago,
 Pearl Barley,
 Corn Starch,
 Refined Saleratus,
 Cream Tartar,
 Soda,
 Fresh Baking Powder,
 French Chocolate,
 Baker's Cocoa,
 Arrow Root,
 Wrapping Paper,
 Rice,
 Crockery,
 Dollar Clocks,
 Shoes and Boots,
 Dry Goods, &c.

FALL RIVER RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, April 4th, 1853. Passen-
 gers Trains run daily, Sundays excepted, as fol-
 lows:
 Fall River for Boston, at 6 3-4, 7 50 A. M.
 and 3 3-4 P. M.
 Boston for Fall River, at 7 1-4 A. M., 11-2

Cape Cod Trains.
 vs Boston at 7 14 A. M., and 4 P. M.
 vs Fall River for Weymouth & Sandwich at
 7 50 A. M. and 3 34 P. M.
 vs Middleboro' for Fall River at 8 55 A. M.,
 and 3 40 and 5 33 P. M.

New Bedford Trains
 vs Fall River for New Bedford at 6 3-4, 7 59
 A. M., and 5 15 P. M.
 vs Myrick's for Fall River at 7 14-4' and
 9 10, A. M., 4 14-4' and 5 58-8' P. M.

Bridgewater Trains.
 vs Bridgewater for Taunton at 6 3-4, 7 53, 9 21
 A. M., and 4 58, 6 P. M.
 vs Boston for Bridgewater at 7 14-4 A. M.,
 11 2, 4 51-2 and 6 12 P. M.
 vs Taunton from Fall River for Taunton will
 be at 3 34 A. M., and 3 34 P. M. Trains.

New York and Newport Trains.
 vs Boston every day but Sunday at 54 P. M.
GEO. HAVEN, Sup't.

On arrival of Trains from New Bedford.
 On arrival of Trains from Taunton.

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS.
STEPHEN HAMMETT,
DEALER IN
FASHIONABLE
READY MADE CLOTHING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, would inform
his customers and the public in general that
his store removed from No. 212 to the new and
spacious store
No. 174 THAMES STREET,
(a few doors North of the United States Hotel.)
where a full and complete assortment of Fashion-
able Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings
of every description has just been re-
ceived and may at all times be found on rea-
sonable terms. Also the latest styles of
HATS & CAPS.
HATS, Valises, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, and
other goods usually kept in a general outfit-
ting store. Please call and examine for
yourselves at the new store
No. 174 THAMES STREET.
Newport, April 30.

BATHING HOUSE
HEALTHY & FRESH WATER—WARM & GOLD.
No. 63 Thames Street,
out of Parade, next South Brick Market
SAMUEL YOUNG, PROPRIETOR.
Dressed and Furnished in Neat and Fashionable Style
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
MR. YOUNG would return his thanks to a
very many friends and a kind public, for the lib-

bathing heretofore bestowed upon him and
 collect a contribution of the same in the
 department, which he flatters himself
 to be conducted in a proper and satisfactory
 manner. Everything in connection with this
 is the first order—the Salt Water is
 from the Ocean, and the Soda Water is
 for that purpose,—while the Fresh Water
 is from the hills, pure and spontaneously,
 from a rock-beds, spring.
 The Soda Water is similar with the Bath
 Business, having previously conducted as
 the establishment of this kind.
 HAIR-DRESSING, carried on as usual in
 various branches.
 Newbury July 13.—4m.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

NEWTON, R. I.
 THE FALL SESSION of 1853, will commence
 on the first Monday in September. The Principals
 receive under their charge a limited number
 of scholars from the Institution. The pupils board
 and are under their entire supervision and
 control.
 HARRIS RIDD, Jr., A. M. *Principal*
 BENJ. E. THURSTON, A. B.

References. Rev. T. Thayer, Rev. C. T. Brooks
 of T. C. Dunn, Gov. Wm. C. Gibbs, Newbury
 Presby. Day and Woolsey, Yale College; Presb.
 Ministers, Messrs. Frost, Bithers,
 Tilden, Sibley and Jewett, Amherst;

Prof. John P. Putnam, Dartmouth Coll.
M. Gibbs, Esq.; A. Bigelow, Jr., Esq., Prof. G.
L. Root, Rev. T. S. Dickinson, Esq., Dr. E. L.
H. New York City, Rev. R. S. Stora, Jr.
J. Cookin, N. Y., Rev. E. N. Kirk, Hon. D. Saff
Boston; Geo. T. Rice, Esq., Worcester, Mass.,
H. Henry Barnard, Hartford, Ct.

INSURANCE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in addition to his Agency
for the
Providence Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
many years standing, has been appointed Agent
for the
**Merchants and Atlantic Fire and Marine Insurance
Companies,**
Providence, and will receive and forward propo-
sals for Marine and Fire risks on vessels; build-
ings of all kinds either finished or in process of
erection; household Furniture, Merchandise in
general, Manufacturing establishments; Lumber
yards, &c., &c.

He is in want of **RELIABLE** Insurance will
advise and refer to the subscriber, at the Counting
room of F. Lawton & Brothers, No. 74 Thane
street.

EDWARD W. LAWTON

AUG. 6.—3m.

NEW.—3m.—The Moonlight Ride, by
T. B. Brierley. We Miss Thee at Rome answer-
ing, "Do They Miss me at Home? The Mountains
sing, German and English Words; Yes, the true
at thy Katy now is Sleeping, Companion—be
held, by

Henry Tucker; Mechanics Song, by B. Brown
 me to the Forest, for Two Voices, by T. Bricker
 think on me a Love, by Geo. Linley; The Sing
 Sea, by T. Bricker; Good Night, Farewell, by
 G. C. Mason; A Good stomach - Ship, by L. Marshall
 Love the Sea, by L. Marshall; for sale by
 Wm H PEEK,
 99 Thames street

THE NEWPORT MERCURY,
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
 G. C. MASON & F. A. PRATT,
 GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
 at the Old Stand-No. 123 Thames Street
 TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75
 in advance. Payment to be made strictly in *ADVANCE*.
 ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the *LEAST*
 rate. Deduction made to those who advertise
 a year.
 No paper discontinued (unless at the option
 of the Proprietors) until arrears are paid.